



## Static by missfowler

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**Summary:** Mike spends the New Year's Eve of 1983 alone, thinking of her and wondering why he still feels hope.

## Static

I feel like there is so much potential for Stranger Things fan fiction. So, I am just writing down some one shots because I can't be the only person needing fan fiction to help me make it all damn the way to Halloween.

Reviews are 100% welcome.

Mike Wheeler sat in his basement alone.

Faking a headache, his mother had excused him from their New Year's Eve party going on upstairs. He had never enjoyed the loud, elaborate social gatherings his mother put together; not like Nancy. She loved the opportunity to act like an adult, whereas Mike would put on a fake smile and try to sneak off to his room or the basement.

Last year, his friends were over during the party and, after stuffing themselves full, they had been allowed to escape for a game of Dungeons & Dragons. This year none of Mike's friends could come. Lucas had been forced to go along with his parents to visit family in Chicago. Will had been acting strange lately, so Joyce wanted to keep him home. Dustin was supposed to come over so they could sneak away a plate of pigs-in-a-blanket and then binge read X-Men comics. However, a few hours before the party, Dustin's mom had called to say he was running a fever and wouldn't be able to make it. And lastly, Mike's fourth and only female friend was still completely unaccounted for.

Feeling itchy and uncomfortable, Mike sat his comic down on the couch and stood up. Heading towards a laundry basket of clean, unfolded clothes, he pulled his sweater over his head and dropped it to the floor. His Aunt Violet always managed to give him the thickest, scratchiest, ugly sweaters as a Christmas gift. Although his mother knew that Ted's sister had a knack for giving out the worst sweaters imaginable, she insisted he wear it in case Aunt Violet showed up for the New Year's Eve party. Mike kicked it softly with his foot until it was out of sight before pulling on a soft, black sweatshirt.

Christmas had passed like a blur for Mike. Normally he was really

excited for the Christmas season and counted down the days. Being out of school for weeks so he could be with his friends, presents, and snow were what made it one of the best times of the year.

But this year, all he could think of was her. She would have loved hot chocolate with marshmallows and looking at Christmas lights. He felt she would be mystified by the snow at first, but that she would have loved it after he and the guys showed her how to make snowmen and snow angels. The lore, the excitement, the Christmas tree...he wanted her to experience it.

He would have traded every single gift he'd received in exchange for her coming home.

He'd have given them all up just to know she was safe somewhere, even if he never got to see her again.

Mike drug his feet back towards the couch and his X-Men comic. Despite having made it twenty pages in, he couldn't even recall what he had read. He tended to space out, and since he hadn't slept well in over a month his focus was worse than ever.

Before sitting back down, he dared a look at the small fort built to the far left of the couch. Most days he refused to look at the homemade room where she had slept. He told himself that if he didn't acknowledge it, then he wouldn't feel sad and empty.

The first week following her disappearance, he would constantly look inside the fort hoping that she'd be in there peering up at him with a smile. Weeks of constant hope followed by disappointment had left him nervous to look at it anymore.

He had dared to look at it tonight though, and he wasn't surprised that it was empty. He sunk in to the couch and felt the lonely emptiness grip him.

Will going missing had been scary and nerve wracking for Mike, but they had eventually found him. She had, however, evaporated in to thin air right before his eyes. No explanation. No closure. No clues as to whether she was even alive or in the same dimension as him.

He slammed his eyes shut and tried to settle himself, but it was too late. Staring at her place in the basement left his eyes full of tears and clenched fists. He couldn't pull his eyes away and he knew better than to get worked up over losing her for the fortieth time that month.

The bulb in the nightlight gave the bottom side of the quilt a faint glow. He didn't even know why he kept in on anymore, for someone whose name he no longer had the heart to say.

Abruptly pulling himself from his thoughts, he heard the basement door slam open. Nancy yelled down that there were only a few minutes left until it was officially the new year and that he should come upstairs. He heard the door swing closed and he was flooded with relief that his sister hadn't caught him crying.

A frown settled on his face as he made his way to the small fort. He still couldn't possibly tear it down. Instead, he opted to crawl inside it and sit on the blankets where his friend used to sleep. With his back pressed to the wall, he ran his eyes over his radio and the huge yellow t-shirt she'd been wearing the rainy night he, Lucas, and Dustin had found her running through the woods.

A smile played at his lips as he remembered her trying to take the shirt off in front of them. While all three boys had reacted in a similar manner knowing they weren't supposed to see a girl naked, Dustin's overdramatic nature really cracked him up when he looked back on that night.

She was so nervous and scared. So innocent. So pure. Finding and bringing her home out of the rain that night had completely changed his life.

Upstairs a loud, humming count down was being chanted by everyone at the party, snapping Mike out of his memories. The new year was thirty seconds away and Mike sighed. He couldn't enter in to 1984 this way. He had to pull himself together.

He flipped the switch on the nightlight to off and crawled out of the fort. Still not having the heart to tear it down, he moved to go sit back on the couch when the light above him flickered.

Rolling his eyes at how much power they must be using at the party upstairs, he found himself unable to take a step forward. A strange, static-like feeling rippled across his body giving him goosebumps and feeling warm inside. Warm and tingly, but not painful, as if an electric filled wind had lightly rolled over his body.

Perplexed, he wiped his hands down his arms to dismiss the goosebumps dotting his skin. That's when he noticed the familiar, faint glow coming from behind him. Mike spun around to see the nightlight was back on. He crouched down and leaned inside the fort to turn it back off when he noticed that the switch was still turned to 'off.'

Warm, electric vibes rolled over his body again as he watched the nightlight's bulb flicker seemingly brighter and brighter.

He didn't understand what was happening and almost hoped his eyes were playing tricks on him. His goosebumps were back lining his skin and his eyes were wide as the static, warm feeling rolled over him stronger than ever. He had just clenched his eyes shut and placed a hand over his heart trying to calm himself down, when he heard static pop sounds burst from his radio.

Mike's eyes shot open as he dug around the fort for the radio in a panic, finding it wrapped in the yellow t-shirt.

Static, white-noise was pouring from it as he reeled from another burst of warm, tingling shock washing over his body. The nightlight bulb had stopped flickering and was glowing brighter than ever when Mike heard muffled whispers come over the radio.

Hopeful, terrified, and nervous, he slammed his thumb on the 'talk' button.

"Eleven!" he screamed in to the radio.

Static pops were all that greeted him, but he had to know. He had to know if she was trying to communicate with him.

"El please, please say something," he said yelled in to the radio. "Anything! Eleven?"

Mike sat on his knees clutching the radio beside his face listening for any sound at all.

Quietly, faintly, he heard, "Mike."

He choked out a sob and a smile broke out over his face.

She was alive.

I haven't written in so, so long. It's so hard being lazy but wanting to write.

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Thanks for reading!